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SCIENCE;

A POEM,

(In a Religious View)

ON IT'S

DECLINE and REVIVAL.

With a particular regard to the

Mission of MOSES,

And the Coming of the

MESSIAH.

O X F O R D:

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SCIENCE

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SCIENCE.

ERE all this sphere, this wide extended sky,
 Or all those planetary worlds on high;
 Ere from above was seen the chearing light;
 Or sun, to rule the day, or moon, the night;
 Ere elements in embrio ripening lay;
 Or darksome Chaos felt a lively ray;
 Fair SCIENCE was——descended from above,
 Ray of God's ray, and emblem of his love;
 To man, benighted man, in pity giv'n,
 The first, the choicest, amplest gift of heav'n.
 Scarce had it's lustre brighten'd up the day,
 Scarce made all nature beautifully gay,
 Scarce it's extensive influence was display'd;
 Ere it withdrew, and shrunk beneath a shade.
 As error rear'd it's head, true wisdom fail'd;
 The shade soon lengthen'd, and gross vice prevail'd.

Where Tyranny e'er stretch'd her wide domains,
 She, as their bodies, bound their souls in chains;
 Soon as she came a devastation rose,
 And ignorance cry'd havock o'er her foes.
 Then *Egypt's* priests as reptile, mean, and vile,
 As serpents gender'd on the banks of *Nile*,
 Like locust-swarms, in armies to o'erwhelm
 The fattest lands, dispeopling half the realm,

B

O'er

O'er the green trees their baneful influence pour'd,
 Sap'd ev'ry root, and ev'ry herb devour'd :
 Towards them *Eden's* fruitful plains inclin'd ;
 But hideous desolation stalk'd behind.

Say in what æra superstitious rage
 Has butcher'd, merciless, no saint, no sage ?
 O that I could, in *India*, not deplore
 The tyrannies, scarce *Egypt* felt before !
 Infatuation strange ! that still can lead
 The living, blindfold victims to the dead :
 Whole hecatombs in youth's, in beauty's bloom
 Expiring at a worthless monarch's tomb.
 Inhuman rites ! which plunge them shudd'ring, pale,
 (As erst to *Moloch*,) down a burning vale !
 What tongue describes, what muse their folly paints,
 Who treat as demons, whom they hail as saints.
 More cruel still—that mercy to deny,
 Their species, which they grant a worm, a fly !

Thus *Egypt's* desarts still more dreary grew,
 And more of waste from that, than famine knew,
 Terrors unnumber'd the unthinking scar'd,
 And superstition kill'd, where locusts spar'd.
 Then vice that many-headed monster sway'd,
 Tyrants directed, meagre slaves obey'd.
 There gross hypocrisy, from dungeon vile,
 Stalk'd forth, and hail'd them with a ghastly smile.
 There prejudice and pride with squinting eye
 Taught them to cavil, yet believe a lye.
 Luxurious vanity, and foul deceit
 Rais'd the loud Clarion to proclaim the—cheat.
 For gain, the nobles, with consenting voice,
 Applauded loud, and made deceit their choice :

And

And the rude mob, with one tumultuous roar,
 Echo'd unmeaning praise from shore to shore :
 While witchcraft, drefs'd in ev'ry haggard form,
 Rode in the whirlwind, and enjoy'd the storm.

Then whoredom shew'd them to be vile, and lewd,
 And impudence, 'twas witty to be rude.
 Their learning taught them, to be proud and vain ;
 That sanctity was craft, and craft was gain :
 The golden mammon led them to be knaves ;
 Knaves made them fools, and folly, to be slaves :
 Infatuation crept thro' ev'ry part,
 Turn'd ev'ry head, and tainted ev'ry heart.
 None durst themselves, much less their idols know,
 A riddle was religion ; myst'ry, law ;
 Till *Moses* by th' Almighty's guidance led,
 Stood forth betwixt the living, and the *dead* ;
 Rebuk'd the waves, the torrent strait obey'd,
 The rage subsided, and the plague was stay'd.

Then by their acts God's messengers were known,
 Neither their words, nor miracles their own :
Nile conscious blush'd, by pow'r divine o'er-aw'd ;
 The hard relented, and the frozen thaw'd.
 Hypocrisy no more, in thin disguise,
 Could cheat their minds, or play before their eyes ;
 Abash'd imposture sunk it's wily head,
Pharaoh astonish'd stood, the wizards fled :
 So, by the glare o'er-power'd the birds of night
 Shun it's approach, and sicken at the light.
 Devils themselves the Deity confess'd,
 For truth is prevalent, and stands the test.

See the Almighty's wrath collected rise,
 Dart on their heads, and lighten in their eyes !

Strong was his thunder, potent was his word,
 More quick, more piercing, than a two-edg'd sword.
 Then his bare hand, and out-stretch'd arm were seen,
 Sharp as an arrow, as a faulchion keen.

Then light miraculous, in full display,
 Dispell'd the clouds, and brought a livelier day,
 The beams unfullied through gross darkness shone,
 Gain'd on their minds, and all affections won ;
 Th' enlivening influence ev'ry passion chear'd,
 The gloom was scatter'd, and the prospect clear'd.
 Thus when the traveller, with glad surprize,
 Sees from afar come darting on his eyes
 The friendly lamp, while horror, thro' the gleam,
 Still looks more horrible ; the glitt'ring stream
 Conducts his steps with circumspective care,
 Gladdens his thoughts, and gilds his black despair.

Thus royally the God on *Egypt* stood,
 Ruling each wind, commanding ev'ry flood :
 Soon the divinity stretch'd o'er the land,
 Strength from his arm, salvation from his hand :
 Prais'd was the cause, for which such pow'r was giv'n,
 And hallow'd were th' ambassadors of heav'n :
 Such balms of mercy every act endear'd,
 Their names were rev'renc'd, while their rod was fear'd :
 Blessings full-blown arose, where *Aaron* trod,
 And the priest's footsteps were the paths of God.

Now strong conviction from each wonder darts,
 Beams on their eyes, and flashes on their hearts.
 See *Midian's* hoary priest, in errors sunk,
 With deadly draughts of superstition drunk,
 Emerging start ; his ears, before unblest'd,
 With raptures heard, and all the God confess'd.

Rend

Rend ye high heav'ns, with God incumbent bow,
 Ye mountains melt, and at his presence flow !
 Descend ye elements, it is his will,
 Down from the skies let righteousness distill !
 Drop down ye clouds, your gracious influence pour,
 And in full streams your grateful homage show'r !
 See him on *Sinai's* sacred top appear !
 Hear him, all *Judah*, and, all *Israel*, hear !
 The thunders rattle, and the lightnings shine,
 These to display, those sound his laws divine.
 Above him flames of fire, beneath a cloud ;
 Hear the shrill trumpet, as the thunder, loud !
 Now the high heav'n with God incumbent bends ;
 He flies on winds, and now in fire descends.
 Lo ! at his touch the cloud-capt summit quakes,
 The basis quivers, and the fabrick shakes :
 The sacred impress as all nature feels,
 All the creation with the mountain reels.
 Now the loud peals in echoing vollies roll ;
 Now the shrill trumpet sounds from pole to pole.
 There at the mountain's verge see *Moses* stand,
 Behind him *Israel's* many a goodly band !
 From the high top, 'midst gath'ring clouds of smoke,
 What thund'ring peals, what flames of lightning broke !
 Louder and louder yet the trumpet sounds,
 All *Israel* trembles, all the mount rebounds !
 When *Moses* spake——Jehovah thus——draw near ;
 " Witness, ye heav'ns, and thou O earth, give ear.
 " This day I set before you good or ill.
 " Or life, or death ; now chuse you which you will.
 " These ten commandments to your tribes I give ;
 " Break them, ye die ; observe them, and ye live."

This

This said——they bow'd obedient to his voice ;
And peals of thunder ratify'd their choice.

Error till then, with such male-influence reign'd,
A willing conquest, where she came, she gain'd,
Infatuation boil'd in every vein,
While every captive hug'd his galling chain.
The kings grew proud, the subjects poor and meek,
The people starv'd, their priests grew fat and sleek.
These blind submission preach'd, the people pray'd,
Fair freedom fled the land, where tyrants sway'd :
Error prevail'd, as virtue was destroy'd,
And dulness brooding hover'd o'er the void.
Now leeks grew sanctify'd, and now a clod,
See this a log to day, the next a God !
The blinded devotees around it flock,
And some adore the pontiff, some a block.
Priests, for their gain, and artists, for their trade
Fell down, and rev'renc'd what their Hands had made ;
Prepar'd, by lying legends, to revere,
As taught by ignorance, or slavish fear.
Nothing was found too vile, or lewd, or base
To suit their morals, or their temples grace ;
What imag'ry devis'd, or art could paint
Became a relique of some god or saint ;
Both had, from wantonness, or wealth, their rise,
Patrons of fraud, and friends to ev'ry vice.

We seek for brightness, and we wait for light,
Behold obscurity, and all is night.*
Dark hieroglyphics could for learning pass,
Till SCIENCE shone, and held up nature's glass :

* *If.* Chap. lix, V. 9.

Their eyes yet weak ; plain truths too much offend ;
 Their minds too gross their force to comprehend ;
 Then FABLE rose ; and, with her glimm'ring light,
 Taught them to see the wrong, to chuse the right ;
 Each truth so hidden, yet so fine the drefs,
 Though few would apprehend, yet all might guess ;
 Where parabolic images reveal'd
 What error lost, and ignorance conceal'd ;
 That seeing they might see, yet not perceive,
 And hearing they might hear, yet not believe.
 Where rays obliquely, as at random, shone,
 To shew mankind were ruin'd ; how undone !
 After, some gleams of comfort, thin diffus'd ;
 Then dawning light, less scatter'd, less confus'd ;
 Till all collected, tending to one scope,
 With expectation, brighten'd into hope.
 Soon as th' Almighty shot his kindling ray,
 " Let there be light, he cry'd, and all was day ;"
 Fell superstition to her cavern fled,
 And long-forgot religion rear'd her head.
 Then freedom and true faith went hand in hand,
 Then floods of SCIENCE overspread the land.
 Then righteousness on earth began to spring,
 The sun arose with healing in his wing ;
 Nature it's majesty proclaim'd aloud,
 Approach'd it's presence, and with rev'ence bow'd.

Ye vallies rise, ye lofty mountains nod,
 Break forth *Jerusalem* to meet your God !
 See the mild radiance round his temples shine !
 Hear, the loud voice declares him all divine !
 In whom the brightness of the Godhead shone,
 And all the Father radiant in the Son.

Be hush'd, ye winds, attentive to his voice,
 Then swiftly fly, make all the earth rejoice.
 * For *Zion's* sake will I not hold my peace,
 And for *Jerusalem* will I not cease,
 As brightness, till it's righteousness returns,
 And it's salvation, as a lamp that burns.
 Thy righteousness the *Gentiles* shall perceive,
 All kings thy glory, and thy God believe.
 By a new name thy city shall be known,
 Thy Lord shall call it, what thy God shall own.
 A crown of glory shall thy head adorn,
 By thee a righteous diadem be worn;
 Nor more forsaken, desolate, and wild,
 Thy waste is fertile, and thy roughness mild:
 Thy sons shall marry, thou their wedded choice,
 And, as a bridegroom, shall thy God rejoice.
 Thy watchmen, on thy walls, shall ceaseless cry
 "See! thy King cometh, see! the Lord is nigh!"
 To him your never-ceasing voices raise,
 Till thou art made a universal praise.
 The lord hath sworn, confirm'd it by his nod,
 By his right hand, by th' outstretch'd arm of God,
 No more thine enemies thy corn shall spoil,
 Nor strangers drink thy wine, nor use thy oyl;
 But they, that gather, shall their fruits enjoy,
 And in his courts their thankful tongues employ.
 Thy gates go through, a way, a way prepare,
 Cast up; a standard for the people rear.
 He trav'leth in the greatness of his might,
 Be smooth, ye rugged, and, ye crooked, strait.

The Lord hath said, proclaim'd it through the world,
Daughters of *Zion* cry, arise, behold,
See thy salvation comes, thy king regard,
His work's before, and with him his reward.

Her barren shrubs, like *Eden's* flow'rs shall blow;
Her desert, fruitful, as the garden, grow:
There be the tuneful voice and joyful sound,
In gentle echoes every note rebound.*
Whilst thou, O *Babylon*, though once so high,
Whose tow'rs' aspiring heights invade the sky,
Art level'd with the dust, as vile, as foul,
There wails the dragon, and there mourns the owl. †

Come, to the mountain of the Lord we'll go
As friends, nor dread we the insulting foe:
For out of *Zion* shall proceed the law,
Thither the folk as gath'ring floods shall flow.
‡ He shall, the mighty judge, the strong reprove,
He shall melt down their wrathful hearts to love: §
Their bloody swords shall beat to harmless shares,
And turn to pruning hooks their warlike spears.
Nation no more shall against nation rise,
No wrath shall harbour, and no wile devise.
Under his vine each *Israelite* shall rest;
The Lord hath said it, and the Lord be blest!

* *Is.* li. 3. *Zeph.* iii. 14. † *Micah.* i. 8. *Is.* xiv. 23.

‡ *Mic.* iv. 2, 3, 4. *Is.* xi. 4, 6, *Ec.* xii. 2.

§ *Is.* xi. 6, *Ec.* lii. *Nabum* i. 15.

Oh! ye that in the dust have slept, awake,
 Watch for your own, and for your children's sake.
 Oh! ye that thirst, at living streams arrive,
 'Tis he that kills, and he that makes alive.
 Fear him, the Lord, the ruler of the earth,
 Who gave it being, and who gave you birth.

Not nigh I see, I see him from afar,
 Lo! out of *Jacob* shall come forth a star,
 A sceptre lo! from *Israel* shall arise,
 It's top for eminence shall reach the skies.
 From *Jesse's* stem the righteous branch shall shoot,
 His leaf for med'cine, and for meat his fruit;
 Under whose boughs, for nations, shall be made
 From cold a shelter, and from heat a shade.

The woman's seed the serpent's head shall bruise,
 Set free the captives, and their chains unloose;
 Cure the diseased, and their sin forgive,
 By this they die; in him again they live.
 In him we live, in him the *Gentiles* rest.
 And all the nations of the earth are blest.
 See all who frighten or at virtue scoff,
 Or watch to act iniquity cut off!
 He is thy shield, thy mighty one to save,
 Thy plague, O death, thy conqueror O grave!
 And thou O * *Bethl'hem*, little as thou art
 'Midst *Judah's* thousands, claim'st a nobler part.
 From thee a prince shall come of mighty sway,
 Whom *Judah*, whom all *Israel* shall obey.
 In *Judah's* tribe the sceptre shall remain
 Till *Shiloh*, till the Great Messiah reign;

* *Micah*. v. 2.

From

From sea to sea his government extend,
Pow'r without limits, essence without end.

A virgin shall * conceive, shall bear a son,
A mighty prince—great *David's* is his throne. †
Ever progressive shall his rule increase ;
His name—the mighty *God*—the prince of peace.
Lo ! that shall prosper which his hands have made,
His fruit shall flourish, nor his leaf shall fade.
ISRAEL shall blossom, JACOB shall take root,
Shall fill the habitable world with fruit.
Here fruits shall spring, where lately grew the thorn,
For briars, myrtles, and for cockles, corn.
Break forth, ye hills ; and, all ye mountains, sing ;
Ye vales, ye trees, with acclamations ring.
‡ Peace shall the mountains bring, and peace the hills,
And righteousness flow down as purling rills,
Streaming like rains into a fleece of wool,
As drops refreshing, as his goodness full.
The righteous flourish, long shall live in peace,
Justice abound, and fraud, and rapine cease.
He within bounds the lawless shall restrain,
Yet mildness speak the blessings of his reign.
They of the desert shall before him kneel,
His foes his vengeance, yet his mercy feel.
Him kings of *Tarshish* and the isles shall greet,
Arabia's kings lay honours at his feet.
All kings before him fall, all homage pay ;
All nations own his universal sway.
He shall the poor, when e'er they cry, protect,
The wretched succour, who no aids expect.

* *Is.* vii. 4. † *Jer.* xxiii. 5. ‡ *Psf.* lxxii.

Ever to him the suppliant voice be rais'd,
 And ever as he lives, be daily prais'd.
 High on an eminence his acts be born,
 Rise loftily, and shake like wavey corn.
 His fruit, like *Lebanon's*, all beauteous seen,
 Flourish, as grass ; and, like it's verdure, green.
 Behold this king in righteousness shall reign,
 * Princes in judgment rule, nor rule in vain.
 The eyes of all that see, shall all be clear,
 The ears of all that harken, all shall hear,
 The thoughtless head shall knowledge well perceive,
 The stamm'ring tongue shall speak, the doubting heart believe.
 Hark all ye heav'ns ! the Saviour speaks, give ear,
 And thou, O earth, the words, he utters, hear !
 Down as the drops of rain his doctrines flow,
 As dews distil, and fall as fleecy snow.
 As o'er the tender herbs the small rains pass,
 As fall the show'rs upon the leafy grass,
 So from the heav'ns distills the sacred theme,
 His eloquence comes flowing as a stream.
 The deaf shall hear the precepts of his book,
 The blind from out obscurity shall look ;
 The meek shall to his praise exalt their voice,
 The poor in *Israel's* holy One rejoice.
 O *Israel* come, and thou O *Salem* ! see
 What happiness is still reserv'd for thee !
 Arise, shine forth, thy long expected light †
 Is come, and chases the o'er-shadowing night.
 Tho' darkness hide the earth, gross darkness shroud,
 More than *Egyptian*, the unthinking croud :

* *If.* xxxii. † *If.* lx.

On

On thee the lord shall rise, on thee shall shine
 His glorious radiance, all the God be thine !
 To that the num'rous Gentile hosts draw nigh,
 Kings to the brightness of thy rising fly.
 Lift up thine eyes, into thy bosom see
 The nations flow th' abundance of the sea !
 Thy sons and daughters, from the farthest coast,
 To thee for nurture come, a num'rous host ;
 Such crouds of converts, such thy mighty charge !
 Thy heart shall tremble, and with joy enlarge.
 The nations lo ! from *Midian's* eastern shore
 Arrive to hail thee, and thy God adore ;
 Camels and dromedaries, herds untold,
 Laden with *Ephah's*, and with *Sheba's* gold :
 The flocks of *Kedar*, and *Nebaioth's* breed,
 To thee shall minister, to thee shall bleed.
 These shall mine altars with acceptance grace,
 Great is the glory of mine hallow'd place !
 Say, who are these that on the whirlwinds fly,
 Swift as the doves, when to their windows nigh !
 The ships of *Tarshish*, and the isles shall wait
 To bring thy sons, and treasures, to thy gate.
 The sons of strangers shall thy bulwarks raise,
 To thee kings minister, thee princes praise ;
 Thee with allegiance, thee with homage serve :
 In wrath I smote ; in mercy I preserve.
 Thy gates to converts shall wide open stand,
 Receiving, every language ; ev'ry land.
 Such their obedience who neglect to pay,
 As clouds shall vanish at the rising day.
 Glory of *Lebanon*, ye firs ye pines,
 Bend at his footstool and adorn my shrines.

Thee

Thee shall the sons of thy afflictors greet,
 Those, who despis'd, lie humbled at thy feet.
 Thee they shall call the holy one's abode,
Zion, the city of all *Israel's* God.
 All on thy excellence shall joyous look,
 By all once hated, and by all forfok.
 Such overflowing streams my bounty brings,
 The milk of *Gentiles*, and the breast of kings.
 Thou, then shalt also suck, and thou shalt know,
 The lord, the saviour is of all below.
 Where iron, silver, and where brass is gold,
 Brass where was wood, iron where stones of old.
 All shall be done in number, and in weight;
 Thy officers be peace, exactors right.
 No more shall violence in thee be found,
 Nor wasteful desolation in thy bound,
 Nor war, nor strife, thro' all thy length of days,
 Thy walls, salvation, and thy gates be praise.
 No more the sun shall give thy daily light,
 Nor moon shall gild the solitary night;
 No more the sun shall set, the moon shall ~~set~~
 Nor clouds nor sorrow spread a gloomy veil,
 The lord's thy fountain, never to decay;
 Thy God, thy glory, thy eternal day.
 The lord, thine everlasting light shall cheer,
 Make all things joyful, every prospect clear.

This truth which ancient prophets have foretold,
 No more in figures; but in fact behold!
 In types they view'd it, with a partial grace,
 But now unveil'd, we see it face to face.
 The darkling coast, at whose untrodden bourn
 None living reach, whence living none return,

Faith

Faith sees now render'd easier to the sight,
And immortality is brought to light.

Hear all ye deaf, no more be hopeless sad,
Leap, all ye lame, ye dumb speak out, be glad.
The broken hearted are no more distress'd,
The wicked cease, the weary are at rest.
Lift up the hands that hang, the knees which fail;
No feeble joints, no crooked paths bewail;
No baneful star your stagg'ring sense bereaves,
No superstitious guile your mind deceives;
No glimm'ring taper points a doubtful way,
The light breaks on you in a flood of day.
No more, ye old, in tears dissolv'd, survey
Your temple shining with diminish'd ray,
Lost to all splendor, of all grace depriv'd:
See th' expectation of all lands arriv'd!
A nobler presence consecrates the shrine,
Ineffable effulgence! pow'r divine!
Pleas'd ye shall see *Jerusalem* anew,
Nay Heav'n itself come opening on your view.
The Saviour comes—each boy, each suckling sings,
In exultation to the king of kings.
Hear the glad voice fly echoing through the air;
Thy Saviour comes, *Jerusalem*, prepare,
The highways level, palms, and branches bring,
And where he treads, let od'rous flow'rets spring:
Him thro' thy gates, let issuing thousands meet,
Let loud hosannas sound through ev'ry street.
Open thy everlasting portals wide,
Let thousands, pouring like a mighty tide,
Haste to conduct him, and his entry grace;
Rapt'rous each accent, joyous ev'ry face.

From

From port to port let each his fellow call,
 And let thy myriads fill thy spacious wall.
 See now, *Jerusalem*, thy king arrive,
 Exult ye joyless, and, ye dead, revive !
 Cry out, ye stones, ye harden'd hearts relent,
 Soften ye sinners, reprobates repent.
 He *Gilead's* balm shall on your conscience pour,
 And streams of comfort in each living show'r.
 Ye thirsty drink, ye hungry eat, be full ;
 Your sins, tho' scarlet, shall be white as wool ;
 Your thoughts be chearful ; and your prospects bright,
 His yoke is easy, and his burden light.
 Lift up your heads nor fear th' avenging rod,
 See your salvation, say behold your God !
 Ye heard the lyre the royal Psalmist strung,
 When with the solemn sounds your temples rung,
 When *Israel's* tribes all join'd in loud acclaim
 To celebrate the great Jehovah's name ;
 He chaunting forth the praises of the lord,
 And they responding hung on ev'ry word.
 Ye saw when *Solomon* in awful state
 In his full glory at the altar fate,
 When the great king in all his grandeur knelt,
 How vast the raptures which your thousands felt !
 When the high God from heav'n receiv'd the pray'r,
 Which saints might offer, angels joy to hear.
 Never could majesty more glorious shine,
 Than when most humble at the sacred shrine :
 Never so amiable the royal zeal,
 As when most fervent for the common weal.
 Each eye his presence blest'd, his word each ear,
 But see—a greater potentate appear !

Lo !

Lo! *Salem's* high-aspiring turrets nod,
 The echoing temples cry a God, a God!
Hosanna in the highest!—meek and mild,
 Tho' cloath'd with pow'r, yet humble as a child,
 See him through gath'ring crowds in triumph pass,
 Sitting, as eastern princes on an ass; *
 Reproving, as he goes, a vicious age;
 And while they learn, they hear away their rage:
 The melting sounds, which *Israel's* prophets sung,
 Like honied dews, flow sweetly from his tongue,
 More than *Hyblean* sweets his lips distil,
 More than all *Hermon's* dews the temples fill;
 Deep-hidden truths in ev'ry word reveal'd,
 Mysterious truths for many an age conceal'd.
 The gath'ring crowds, tumultuous in his praise,
 From infidels grow zealous, as they gaze.
 So (may I great with meaner things compare?)
 The sun, bright luminary, gilds the air,
 Scatters his radiance; all beneath revive,
 E'en things inanimate start up alive.

Hence error! blindfold prejudice away!
 Vanish ye clouds, before the rising day. †
 O ye that stray, ‡ by fires false-glaring led,
 In vice deep-sunk, companions of the dead,
 The light approach; to the strait paths repair,
 See your salvation, your redeemer hear! §
 “Come, all ye weary, by your woes oppress'd,
 “I will refresh you, I will give you rest.” ¶

* *Judges* v. 10. † *If.* ix. 2. ‡ *If.* ii. 5, 6, 8.

§ *If.* i. 27. ii. 2, 3, 18, 20. viii. 19, &c. xii. 2.

¶ *If.* xi. 10.

Tho' in the flow'ry paths of sin you rang'd
 Like sheep, all devious ; from the good estrang'd ;
 * Seek for the ancient paths, tho' long untrod,
 He is your refuge, stay upon your God :
 He is your shepherd, you can nothing need ;
 He shall your cattle by green pastures feed ;
 Gather your flocks, obedient to his voice ;
 Under his care shall ev'ry herd rejoice.

† Shout ye inhabitants of *Zion*, cry,
 Great is his pow'r, and his extraction high. ‡
 Let the glad tidings spread in ev'ry gale,
 Let distant nations hear the wondrous tale !
 At his command the lame their crutches break ;
 The deaf all hear him, and the dumb all speak ;
 The blind receive their sight, his word the poor,
 And all believe, and all his name adore.
 For him the winds, and elements obey ;
 The dead are rais'd, all nature owns his sway ;
 Demoniacks in his praise their tongues employ,
 And the poor paralytic leap for joy ;
 E'en devils his tremendous name revere,
 Like saints believe him, but as fiends they fear.

No more foul fiends with terrors false molest,
 Trouble the conscience, rack the wounded breast ;
 Now plague the body, now distract the soul,
 With vile suggestions, and diseases foul ;
 Now headlong from a craggy mountain tost,
 On raging waves, or burning quicksands lost ;
 On deserts wand'ring helpless, and forlorn,
 A prey to tygers, or by wild beasts torn ;

* *If.* viii. 18, &c. † *If.* 12. 6. ‡ *Jo.* i. 1. *Heb.* i. 1, 2.

Now fierce and frantic on the ragged rocks,
 Grazing with brutes, companion of the flocks;
 Now all forsaken in a lonely vale,
 Utt'ring to listless winds a moaning tale;
 By comets, now by fiery meteors brush'd,
 Now rack'd by engines, and to atoms crush'd;
 Now from a precipice by demons hurl'd,
 On fiery oceans midst a flaming world;
 Now seeming on Volcano's mouths to roll
 In all the dismal agonies of soul;—
 Their pains He moves with soft and lenient hand,
 "Be sound ye cripples"—and behold they stand!
 "Yoor sins are pardon'd"—strait they strength regain,
 Bound like the roe, and leave the galling chain.
 Both from their woes releas'd with pleasure find,
 A firmer body, and a sounder mind;
 The fiends expell'd; He purifies th' abode
 An habitation fitted for the God.

Distress forgets to moan, and woe to wail,
 His word endures, nor yet his mercies fail.
 From age to age his kingdom shall increase,
 His sceptre—equity; his blessing—peace.*

Peace to our *Israel*; to her tribes, all health!
 Peace, to her seats; within each palace, wealth!
 Long may they prosper, who her faith approve,
 Espouse our int'rests, and our *Zion* love,
 Promote her sacred cause, her courts enlarge,
 And to her honour execute their charge.

In after ages, where good seed is sown
 Should rank weeds spring; should thunderbolts be thrown.

* *Micah. iv.*

Right-aiming ; as a rolling fiery flood,
 Should persecution deluge her with blood:
 Shall not good angels hither wing their way
 To curb bold vice, her ruin to delay ;
 Till long-expected reformation spread,
 Arrest the sword impending o'er her head ?

Should a destroying fiend, at God's command,
 Throw wasteful desolation o'er our land ;
 Again, a CRANMER or a RIDLEY feel
 The pointed arrows of intemp'rate zeal :
 Though bigots rage, though protestants may bleed ;
 The martyrs' blood shall prove the church's seed.
 To infidels they may in flames expire ;
 Triumphantly, on vehicles of fire,
 Some in a course more rapid, some more even
 Like good *Elijah* fly away to heaven,
 Bequeathing us their light, like them, to rise,
 Pursue their steps, and soar beyond the skies.

Ye martyr'd-saints, who tread th' etherial plains,
 In joys eternal for your short-liv'd pains,
 Send one live-coal † of your seraphic flame
 And touch our lips, to sing *Jehovah's* name.

And thou, Redeemer, thou whose lasting praise
 Creation speaks, the *antient fire of days*
 And thou most Holy Spirit, mystic dove,
 Thou emanation of eternal love,
 Thy comfort pour, thy gracious aid infuse,
 Better than *Gilead's* balms, than *Hermon's* dews.
 Thou giver of all gifts, our souls illumine,
 Let heav'nly light irradiate our gloom !

He, who creation fills below, above,
By Jews, by Heathens, hail'd *Jehovah, Jove,*
The God, *whose goings forth have been of old,*
And in whose book is ev'ry act enroll'd,
Knows who are his, he will their cause defend,
Eternal happiness shall crown their end.

F I N I S.



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